the Ladder

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purpose of the

Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications—this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

APRIL 1958
Volume 2 – Number 7

Published monthly by the Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., a non-profit corporation, 165 O'Farrell Street, Room 405, San Francisco 2, California. Telephone YUkon 2-9290.

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

contents

Open Letter to Ann Aldrich - Del Martin..... 4
The Eastern Religions and You..... 6
A Martian View - Barbara Stephens (Story)..... 7
'No Exit' (Play Review).....10
When I Was 17 - Vern Niven.....12
Censorship vs. Sex Study.....14
Book Reviews - The Incredible Truth.....16
The Romantic Agony.....17
Lesbiana.....19
Calendar of Events.....20
I.C.S.E., New Cooperative Secretariat Formed.....21
ONE Announces New Quarterly.....23
Readers Respond.....24

Open Letter to Ann Aldrich

With the publishing of your two books, "We Walk Alone" (1955) and "We, Too, Must Love" (1958), both pocket editions with the Gold Medal label, you have become a rather prominent spokesman for the Lesbian. Consequently you and your works have become subject to much debate among the members of the Daughters of Bilitis and the readers of THE LADDER.

In the Forewords of the books you have stated your purpose:

> "...to dispel much of the ignorance which stems mainly from lack of information about the Lesbian. It is not my intention to endorse or to condemn a way of life which is abnormal, but merely to reveal it, with the hope for broader understanding."

> "...I hope not only to disclose facets of the broader and more typical female homosexual life, but to give voice to much of the opinion from within this group."

Your intentions are admirable, Miss Aldrich, but somehow we feel that you have not reached your objective. You have glossed over that segment of the Lesbian population which we consider to be the "majority" of this minority group. We refer to those who have made an adjustment to self and society and who are leading constructive, useful lives in the community in which they live. While we will grant you that the "average" Lesbian, like any other "average", makes dull reading, you must concede that without inclusion of this group you have not painted a well-rounded and true picture of Lesbian life.

Please do not misunderstand, Miss Aldrich. We are not just looking for affirmation. A true picture of the Lesbian must include the bizarre and more "interesting" examples you cite. But it should not leave the reader with the impression that these represent the sum and substance of the group at large. The cross section of

Lesbian life which you have depicted may be likened to a similar study of heterosexual life in which only the Skid Road characters and the well-to-do are delineated. Your sampling is just not very representative. It would seem that instead of correcting any misconceptions as to the stereotype already conceived by the public you have merely retraced the outline with indelible ink.

Surely in your 18 years of Lesbian experience you have met those capable of carrying on an intelligent conversation. Surely you must have met some of the hard working, ineffectual citizenry who do not measure their importance by their bravado. There are many Lesbians, Miss Aldrich, who have full and rich lives - with varied interests and pursuits, least of which may be the "gay bar".

For here again you leave a false impression. If Lesbians are so dedicated to the bottle, how can it be that Helen Branson (author of "Gay Bar", Pan-Graphic Press, 1957) contends that the Lesbians which she might wish as a clientele do not frequent gay bars enough to support one?

You have put so much stress upon the miserable, pitiful, lonely, rejected and bewildered Lesbian, Miss Aldrich, that it has led many to question why you have not sought the "cure" you believe possible. For it is our contention that the isolation and loneliness of the homosexual has been highly exaggerated for dramatic effect.

May we also point out that some Lesbians seek out psychiatric counsel and are helped for personal problems <u>other than</u> their homosexuality? That often instead of "curing" the psychiatrist helps the Lesbian to "accept herself".

Your books are filled with inconsistencies, paradoxes and contradictions, Miss Aldrich. Every positive and constructive statement is swept over lightly only to be denied in the next slash of the pen. So that we finally come to the all important question:

> How much of your work is really the
> TRUTH AS ANN ALDRICH SEES IT?

We are aware of the difficulties encountered in commer-

cial publishing and that most firms demand a pattern that does not condone. The proverbial "unhappy ending", as has been pointed out by many authors who have worked with the homosexual theme, is not necessarily in the original copy. We therefore wish to give you a fair hearing, Miss Aldrich. Our columns are open to a reply in defense of your stand or in explanation of your views.

We regard THE LADDER as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile subject. And certainly your "unedited" reply will be most welcome. Please take advantage of this offer of "free" expression, for while we may have been a little harsh in our criticism, we do believe that you have made a "beginning" and a valid contribution to Lesbian literature. We would like to see you extend your coverage.

Sincerely yours,

Del Martin

THE EASTERN RELIGIONS AND YOU

When Leo J. Zeff, clinical psychologist from Berkeley, Calif., spoke to the Daughters of Bilitis in November of 1957 he created so much interest and controversy that we have asked him to return.

Mr. Zeff will speak on "What the Eastern Religions Can Offer You" at the May 27th public discussion meeting of the DOB at 465 Geary St., Studio 30, at 8:15 p.m. His previous topic was "Depth Psychology and Religion" which was reprinted in the January, 1958, issue of THE LADDER.

Mr. Zeff, a Ph.D., holds degrees from the University of Oklahoma, University of California and College of the Pacific. He did his interneship in residency in psychology at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. An extremely warm-hearted person, his main interests are psychology and religion and the intereaction of the two. His special interest is in the oriental religions, of which he will speak in May.

A Martian View

A Story by Barbara Stephens

The Thing from outer space landed on the hill above the city. Climbing out of the rocket, it spread its wings and tentacles to the sun. The air was like wine, and towers floated on the landscape below. Confusion clouded its brain as it witnessed the biped-swarm below. What were they? Adjusting a bi-focal bug-eye, it pulled out "A Martian's Guide to Terra" and read therein:

"Terra, a middling-sized planet, inhabited by an organized form of matter called life. Paramount among the diversified forms is genus Homo Sapiens, otherwise known as 'thinking man'. The male of the species is rough, tough and burly; the females slender, tender and adorable. Should these characters be indeterminate it is well-known that the one is garbed in pants, the other in skirts. Homo Sapiens is noted, or notorious, for a great many eccentricities, including war, politics and slavery. Also, he is the reservoir of the noblest sentiments and creations. Truly he has a beautiful soul!"

Enhanced by this knowledge, it flew down the canyoned streets and up the rooftops of the city. Swooping down a gaily lit avenue, shrieking multitudes panicked in its wake. And down by the docks and piers, stalwart stevedores rushed head-long into the waves. The Thing came to a creature all alone, a devastating creature with long golden hair. "Eeiyi-yi!" she screamed, and slammed a door in its face. "Oh dear," thought the Martian, "What have I done? Why do they hate me? Am I really that homely?" And it sat down and wept.

The night came swiftly over the city, bearing a heavy pea-soup fog. Unheard, unseen, the Thing crept in among the houses, to study the ways of the being called "man". Turret and chimney-pot jutted black against the sky, and moon-orbed lamps barely lit the way. Further on, the road roughened, and it saw narrow-gabled houses etched deeply by time. A general squalor and deadening silence pervaded

the air, and the Martian heart felt all the melancholy and despair of an unloved creature.

Down, down the endless winding streets it went; and then suddenly heard laughter and music. Following the sounds, it went down an old side street, forgotten by time. A battered frame building stood at the end of the block, and bore the name of "Riley's". It walked in.

"Ho ho!" shouted Gus, pounding her heavy fists on the bar in time to a hillbilly juke-box. "Oh, who's this just come in? Well, well, a real character!"

"Jumpin' jalopies!" gasped Joe, "get that thing out of here!"

"Come, come, now," joined Pete, "must we have minorities within minorities? It might be eccentric, but it's human, and deserves to be treated like a human. Besides, it looks lonesome."

"But what is it? It ain't Butch or Fem."

"I'm a Martian," said the Thing, and crawled on its eight creepers to the bar.

"Well, I'm Gus, an' here's Pete, Rick, Tommy an' Gwendolyn. And, sir, or ma'm, what's your name?"

"Martos."

"Welcome to Riley's! Hope you like it here. Have a drink on me, Marty!"

Martos surveyed the room: surely, some were surly and burly, and some were adorable, but they all wore pants. His ears attuned themselves to the pronoun: female gender, all of them. But, could Gus be slender? Adorable? The bug-eyes questioned in vain.

"What's bothering you?" Gus asked. "Never been to Riley's before? Strange, huh!"

"Ah, yes. You see, my book here says there are two kinds

of people, but here there are so many varieties - I'm a stranger, could you explain this to me?"

"I can," ventured Pete. "Martos, we're all of us women here. But there's many kinds of women, and people, on this earth. Now to make things fall into a pattern we classify them into a type and give it a name. Simplifies things, see. Here at Riley's we're Butch an' Fem, but whatever that means is up to the individual. Gus, you tell him what Butch-an'-Fem is."

"Why shore - the Butch is the big one, the strong one, and the Fem, she's frail an' gentle, an' needs someone like me to protect her."

"Humph!" Rick joined in. "Sometimes the Fem's a lot stronger than the Butch, only a smart Fem lets the Butch think she's the strongest."

"Yeh? Who says so?"

"Besides, if you go out showing off your strength, you get roped into doing all the heavy work around the house."

"Not me!"

"Well, that's what I like about the arrangement," said Tommy. "A real McCoy Butch is naturally interested in cars and mechanics and can't stand to be cooped up in a kitchen doin' silly woman's work. But a Fem takes to cooking and sewing natural-like. So all this makes it nice."

"But you like to-" whispered Gwen.

"Shssh!" Tommy blurted, "Don't tell 'em!"

The Thing pondered on this. A pattern there was, but such a caricature of the other pattern that marked the "men and women".

"Not at all original are they?" Mart said to Pete.

(Continued on Page 22)

'NO EXIT'

The recent production of Jean-Paul Sartre's unusual play "No Exit" by a little theatre group in Palo Alto, Calif. prompts reprinting the following review which first appeared in VICE VERSA, Vol. 1, No. 3, August, 1947, following performances of the play in Los Angeles. VICE VERSA was possibly the first magazine in America published primarily for Lesbians. It was privately circulated in typed form for nine issues. -ED.

****

"No Exit" is a study of three condemned souls forced to acknowledge the accusations of conscience. The scene is a shabby hotel room containing a few articles of dilapidated furniture, and no mirrors, forcing the inhabitants to look at each other throughout eternity.

"No Exit" is a tragedy without tears. Nor is there any comedy relief. There is little action and no intricately conceived plot, yet the audience's attention is sustained without the usual recourse to standard stage requisites.

There are three main characters, a French collaborationist, a Lesbian and a ravishingly beautiful nymphomaniac. All are dead. The fourth cast member, an impudent bell boy, is incidental. He merely escorts these oddly assorted people into the dingy hotel room, which symbolizes Hell.

The characters are ushered in one at a time, first the French collaborator, then the daughter of Lesbos, and last, the beautiful but completely unprincipled nymphomaniac.

After acquainting themselves with one another, their drab surroundings, and the fact that they are doomed to live together henceforth without even the relief of slumber in this garishly illuminated, dreary little room, they begin to exchange confidences.

The man, a journalist, who considered himself a hero most of his life, besides being a collaborationist mistreated his wife most shamefully. The detailed, half-boastful confession

of his cruelty shows him in his true calibre. His great desire is to convince himself and everyone else that he is not a coward.

The Lesbian, Inez Serrano, is the most frank of the trio, making her inclinations known at once by stating clearly that she does not care much for men. "I was what is known back there as 'one of those women'" she says of herself. Characteristic of her type is her expressed desire, during one of her conversations with the collaborationist, that he not touch her. Inez confesses without trying to make excuses for her actions. One gets the impression that at one time she might have been a rather nice person, although time and circumstances have obviously molded her into one of the less admirable examples of her species. Inez has been condemned to eternal torment for falling in love with a married woman and acquainting her with the lack of qualities in her husband, which presumably caused the bewildered wife to commit suicide. Of the three, your reviewer thought that Inez was the least deserving of being consigned to eternal damnation.

After much reluctance and subterfuge, the frivolous nymphomaniac confesses to having killed her unwanted child by one of her lovers, a younger man than her ageing husband.

The real purpose of these three oddly assorted persons being placed together in one room is discovered when the Lesbian observes, "Someone's missing here - the torturer!" The other two realize it, too, and soon come to the correct conclusion that each of them, unable to change their patterns of thinking, habit and behavior, has been carefully selected to disharmonize with his fellow victim. "It's like a cafeteria", the Lesbian remarks, "the customers serve themselves. Each one of us is the torturer for the other two."

The Lesbian, finding herself capable of affection for the beauteous nymphomaniac, finds herself repulsed in favor of the collaborator-journalist. The man cannot find complete satisfaction in the nymphomaniac because she is drawn to him only through carnality and cares nothing for him as a man. Thus exists an open enmity between Inez and the collaborationist, rivals for the "affections" of their attractive third party. And the nymphomaniac, who regards herself as higher in social status than her two companions, loathes herself

for having anything to do with either of them.

The climax of the drama is reached when the journalist, taxed beyond endurance, pounds on the door, begging to be allowed escape from the incompatible relationship. The door swings slowly open, revealing an ominous darkness beyond. Not one of the inmates of that hideous little room has the courage to leave and face the unknown rather than remain within his own little hell, however unbearable.

All the while one is conscious that the concepts set forth on the stage are parallel with the torments of conscience existent in all of us in one form or another. The theme of the play seems to be that man creates his own Hell right in his own reality. The collaborationist sums it up quite adequately when he states, "Hell is just other people". The idea is not new, but the way in which it is presented is novel.

When I Was 17 ...

When I was 17 and a senior in a large city high school I spent a part of my school hours studying the other people around me. I had known since age 13 or 14 of my own Lesbian tendencies and I enjoyed observing others whom I thought might be also inclined (albeit at a distance). In my chemistry class there was a 16-year-old junior of more than average beauty and poise. I had not ever thought of her as being potentially a Lesbian until I noticed a rather feverish conversation with a much older girl outside school one October morning. The older girl was very tall, quite masculine and unusually well tailored. My fellow student seemed agitated almost to despair and instead of her usual calm grace she nearly shook from head to toe. Alas the warning bell took me inside physically but mentally I pondered the odd scene I had inadvertently witnessed. Looking back I am certain that no one except another Lesbian or an unusually adult and perceptive observer could have interpreted the unheard conversation.

In chemistry class that morning my case in observation walked palely but quite normally through the room, then

destroyed the illusion of calm by falling over her desk. With the usual lack of concern that only a teenager can display, few noticed this fog of confusion surrounding the girl. Halfway through the class she asked almost inaudibly for an infirmary pass. In our school if one felt sick, it was possible to be excused from class and brave the infirmary nurse. If she felt you were ill she would cluck a little over you, then allow you to lie down on an iron cot in a darkened room which held three of these cots. I don't really know why I was possessed to do this, but after chemistry class I went to my next class and immediately asked for an infirmary pass. I managed to convince the rather dubious nurse that I was half dead and in a few moments I was lying on a hard iron cot a foot or two from the girl from my chemistry class.

A few moments of silence followed the nurse's departure. Holding my breath a little I turned on my side to face the girl next to me. She sobbed soundlessly for about five minutes and during that time I gathered courage and leaning near her I whispered her name and asked her what was the matter and if I could help. She didn't reply for a full minute or more and when she did reply her vehemence and bitterness shocked me almost to tears.

"Leave me alone, nobody can help me! Nobody knows me, nobody loves me, nobody ever will, I'm a damned queer!"

The finality of this statement didn't leave room for conversation or comment, so after nearly an hour of the most uncomfortable, guilty silence I have ever endured I got up and left the infirmary.

We never spoke or even allowed our eyes to meet for the rest of the school year. I never saw the older girl near the school again. About three months ago I saw both of them walking leisurely down a street less than 20 feet from me. They looked very happy. My former classmate was even lovelier as an adult than she had been at 16.

By the way, the incident in the infirmary took place seven years ago. It seems somebody knew her, loved her and helped her after all.

—Vern Nivon

Censorship vs. Sex Study

It is well known that the reports published by the Institute for Sex Research, the organization headed by Dr. Alfred Kinsey until his untimely death, have been greeted with much scorn and derision by the public at large as well as by professionals in the same or related fields. Our culture would seem to oppose any objective research into sex.

At the February public discussion meeting of the DOB Mrs. Bernice Engle, research associate of Langley Porter Clinic in San Francisco, pointed up some of the difficulties inherent in the study of sexual differences in man.

It is not generally realized, however, how important to researchers as a whole (and indirectly to all the people of the world) is the decision made last fall to release to the Sex Research Institute the immense mass of material held by the government since 1952 on the charge that it was obscene and immoral.

Dr. Kinsey applied in 1952 for permission to import a large number of books, articles and artifacts for study at the Institute of Sex Research. This permission was denied and the material was siezed by the U. S. Customs Service with the demand that it be destroyed.

The fight in the courts continued for seven years, and Dr. Kinsey did not live to see it won.

Many scientists signed affidavits attesting to the importance of allowing freedom of study. Both sides agreed to a summary judgment from the court, without the use of a jury. The Government based its case on the material alone. The Institute pointed out that it was to be used for study only, would not be available to the general public and would not appeal to the prurient interests of scholars studying it.

Judge Palmieri, presiding, seemed to take it for granted that scientists wouldn't be too titillated. He pointed

out that nothing is obscene per se, and the right to import such material depends on its use and the authenticity of the organization involved. Since there seemed to be no "reasonable probability" of prurient interest the Judge released the material to the Institute. On January 2, 1958, the Government accepted the decision.

The ruling does not bind the Post Office, but may affect Post Office officials in deciding on matters of material said to be obscene.

Mrs. Engle pointed out that regardless of the rulings handed down by the courts on matters such as obscenity it is still a matter of continual watchfulness. You can never win. "Everyone, especially those who belong to minority groups, must always be alert for any infringement of civil liberties. If you do not take an interest in the rights of others, you may be next," Mrs. Engle emphasized.

In a brief discussion of the English Wolfenden Report Mrs. Engle stated she felt it to be good and civilized, but that the climate of legal bodies these days is such that she doesn't think it will be passed for at least two or three years.

This nation is making some progress in dealing with so-called sexual psychopaths, she reported. In the past three years many states have passed laws taking the sexual psychopath out of the criminal class. Fewer adverse criticisms are to be found on the workings of the laws, enforcement has improved and more provisions for treatment have been included.

The states are accepting more responsibility for treatment and have realized that hospitals cannot be maximum security prisons. Many states have stopped separating the sex offender from other criminals, and some states no longer use the term. More differentiation is being made between minor and nuisance sexual offenses as opposed to violent, serious crimes. In some cases the sex offender is taken out of the criminal group and placed under civil law, being given treatment rather than punishment.

Book Reviews

The Incredible Truth

THE INCREDIBLE TRUTH by Chris Massie, Random House, 1958

Norman Hereton, son of an English vicar in the small town of Greenmeath, narrates his life history with the help of a large store of personal diaries.

As a very young man he meets and falls in love with Eunice Everard, daughter of the local cynic, a successful magazine publisher. Eunice is wild and undisciplined, extremely beautiful and very attractive to boys. After a couple of escapades involving running away, gambling, etc., her father in desperation offers to build and furnish a lovely home for Norman and Eunice, providing of course that Norman will marry her. Norman accepts eagerly as her untamed nature has only enhanced her in his eyes.

They marry and for a few years manage to be extremely happy. Marriage calms Eunice somewhat and Norman is deeply in love with her although he realizes gradually that she is a beautiful toy to him rather than a true partner. Into their home comes Valerie Richardson, a friend of Eunice from school days (college level).

At once it becomes apparent to Norman that Valerie is blindly in love with Eunice. He is ready to be repelled and outraged but finds to his own amazement that he is incapable of disliking Valerie, in spite of the complications involved. Valerie is also exceedingly lovely, but in a more refined and classical manner. Although the relationship between the two women becomes increasingly passionate, Norman continues to tolerate, even to enjoy, it. He comes to think of the two women as complimentary halves of s single whole. Eunice so fair and Valerie so dark. At one point Norman (as narrator) poses this thought:

"Sexual normality is as rare as a perfect man or woman,

and sex passion is expressed in all directions and in every variety of combination. If reason enters it at all, there is no reason why woman should not love woman."

The entire book is written with serious intention. It ranks easily with the eight or ten sympathetic and literary treatments of Lesbian literature. The love affair between the women is told with understanding and compassion. The entire lack of impossible or unusual happenings lends to the credulity of this strange story. I can only add that Random House is a publisher of the first rank and it speaks well for the future to have their imprint on this decidedly Lesbian novel. - B.C.

The Romantic Agony

THE ROMANTIC AGONY by Mario
Praz, Meridian Books, 1956

The name "romanticism" evokes many images: ghosts, cobwebs, nightmares; the 'faery lands forlorn' of Keats, and the horror-houses of Poe. A Romantic in the twentieth century would be an object of pathological interest with his obsession on "luxurious cruelties", "fatal women", and monstrosities. But who's to discern between psychosis and cult, knowing Romanticism to have been such a widespread movement. In a profound research on the nature of Romanticism, Mario Praz has come to the conclusion that the emphasis on "vice and cruelty" was part of an atmosphere "favorable to the expression of individual feelings", and the creation of a milieu both exotic and strange.

Among the "Belle Dames sans Merci" loved of the Romantics was the figure of the Lesbian, appearing full-blown on the literary scene for the first time since Sappho. Yet, in full tradition of the times, she had to occur as a monstrosity, not a human. For monstrosities were favored characters in an age that cherished its Nero, Cleopatras and Frankensteins. Recall if you may "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" by Balzac, who was imprisoned in the seclud-

ed luxury of a harem. Or the vampire, "Carmilla" of LeFanu. Peladin and Gautier have emphasized the androgynous type, not withstanding the fact that these are most rare medical phenomena, and atypical of the Lesbian world. And the range has varied from the subtly sinister "Christobel" of Coleridge to the purely diabolical "Mephistophela" of Catulle Mendes.

Extravagant as this Lesbiana may have been, the fact remains that the Lesbian had been recognized and brought out into the open. And since then, Lesbiana has been an ever widening flood down the literary stream. Consider her many faces! For a time being, the saintly Lesbian appeared, exemplified by "The Well of Loneliness" by Radclyffe Hall. Donald Webster Cory explains this act of writing as "motivated by a missionary-like attitude... wherefore he feels obligated to paint a picture which he believes will be acceptable even to the puritannical society...The fictional protagonist in the works of Hall and others show no desire for any sexual gratification except when they are in love. There are long periods of abstinance, extreme sublimation and those homosexuals in the novels who will not or cannot go along with such absurd notions are denounced by the authors as degenerates."

Now that paperbacks have flooded the market, the "penny-dreadful" Lesbian novel has become unduly prevalent, giving as warped and one-sided a portrayal as any works of the "saint and monster" schools of the past. Thus, we still stand in waiting for the "great gay novel" of all time, but remain in gratitude for the birth of Lesbiana in the Romantic Agony of the past. -B. S.

* * * * *

RUDOLF DARNHARDT TO SPEAK

Rudolf Darnhardt, English Section editor of "Der Kreis" magazine, published in Zurich, Switzerland, will speak at the monthly discussion meeting of the Mattachine Society at 8 p.m. Tuesday, May 13, at the Friends Society Hall, 1830 Sutter St. Mr. Darnhardt will be in San Francisco for this one day only.

LESBIANA

55. WORLD WITHOUT MEN by Charles Eric Main, Ace Books, 1958.

A science fiction tale of a world made of women only. The women are all Lesbians, however the author makes it clear that he feels it is all a neurotic error, etc. They artificially create a male child and the end infers that everyone turns normal overnight. Not very plausible, but good fun for casual reading.

56. MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN by Theophile Gautier, 1835. Modern Library (and other editions).

The rollicking adventures of a transvestite, with all the confusing, complicated and amusing episodes that could come from such a life. And "Theodore" is quite a complex personality at that!

57. THE CATAFALQUE by Robert Goldston. Rinehart, 1958.

A truly gothic style novel. Filled with weird and confused characters. One of these is a Spanish Condesa who hates men and rejoices when her husband is killed. She fascinates and is fascinated by the beautiful red-haired Stephanie. The Condesa takes Stephanie swimming with her and to visit a cave with the ruins of a temple where ancient Codesses had been worshipped in rites of a Lesbian nature. These incidents occupy only two chapters of this 300 page novel.

58. AMONG THE DAUGHTERS by Angna Enters. Coward, 1955.

A witty and lovely story of a beautiful girl named Lucy and her trip through life and the bohemian circles of the world. Three Lesbian women play a very vital role in Lucy's life. There are also a few gay boys. This book is a delightful reading experience.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Tuesday, April 22 - DOB OPEN HOUSE in NEW offices at 165 O'Farrell St., Suite 405-406, 7-10 p.m. This is an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with us and the work we are doing. Everyone is invited.

Friday, May 2 - Gab 'n Java session at 2217 Fillmore St., 8 p.m. A chance to discuss problems informally. For women only.

Wednesday, May 14 - Monthly business meeting at 2174 California St., 8 p.m., basement apartment.

Saturday, May 24 - Party for members and their guests. Guest cards must be obtained at the business meeting May 14. Reservations requested by May 22. Call the office, YUkon 2-9290 for information.

Tuesday, May 27 - Leo J. Zeff, clinical psychologist, will speak on "What Eastern Religions Can Offer You" at 465 Geary St., Studio 30 (third floor) 8:15 p.m. See page 6 of this issue for further information.

Friday, June 6 - Gab 'n Java at 3927 Army Street. A for women only discussion session.

Saturday, June 21 - Spaghetti feed. Hold this date open for you and your friends. Time, place and further information will be forthcoming.

Anyone interested in attending any of the above sessions is cordially invited to call our office, YUkon 2-9290 any Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday evening from 7 to 9 p.m. or Saturday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

I. C. S. E.

NEW COOPERATIVE SECRETARIAT FORMED

Established as a consequence of a resolution passed at the 7th annual convention of the International Committee for Sexual Equality at Frankfurt, Germany, last year, the Cooperative Secretariat will undertake the task of linking existing groups and subscriber organizations all over the world in a more thorough manner.

This branch of the ICSE will act in cooperation with the General Secretariat, but will specifically promote the exchange of experience in the organizational field, propagate the concept of international cooperation and help to rouse and maintain an all-embracing feeling of solidarity.

The General Secretariat will direct attention to promoting scientific research and the dissemination of its results and handle public relations.

5TH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS TO MEET IN BRUSSELS

Plans are going ahead for the 5th International Congress of the ICSE to be held in Brussels, Belgium, in conjunction with the World's Fair. Dates are May 23-27 and the theme will be 1958 WORLD VISION ON HOMOSEXUALITY.

Several speakers of international fame will address representatives of homosexual organizations from throughout the globe. Speakers who have already been scheduled for this festive international event include: Dr. Halkema Kohl, The Hague, research on homosexual couples; Gordon Westwood, London, methodology of a questionnaire into male homosexuality; Dr. O. Martensen-Larsen, Copenhagen, research on homosexuality and family composition; Dr. Gosta Carlberg, Stockholm, report about a big inquiry among homosexuals.

As is usually the case, this Congress will cost money, and funds are being solicited. All contributions are to be sent to ICSE, Postbox 1564, Amsterdam, Holland.

(Continued from Page 9)

"No, but look carefully, Marty: see, three out of four of them are Butch. Natch, they all want to be boss, for who wants to be pushed around? It makes me wonder, why do we have that pattern of push or be pushed? It's so much easier just to be partners, and forget about all that name-calling."

"It's not name-calling," Tommy answered. "I like to be a Butch, an' Gwen's a natural-born housewife. Huh, Gwen?" Gwen giggled.

Martos took it in with an enigmatic smile, and fumbled at a small case strapped to a back wing. It was closing time, and Pete escorted Mart out of the bar.

"Don't take it so hard, Marty. The girls are pretty tolerant here at Riley's, but they're different out on the streets. They're so afraid of being seen with anyone strange for fear of being jeopardized. Yet, what more jeopardizes a person than fear itself?"

"We'd feel the same on Mars if an Earthling ever came up there. But we Martians wouldn't even attempt to make you into one of us. I'd say we're a little more advanced out there."

"But what are you doing on this planet?"

"I'm an anthropologist."

Pete led Martos up a series of obscure streets and hills. "It's a round-about way out of the city, but it'll save you scaring so many people. Now, where are we? Golly, we're up by Tommy and Gwendolyn's place. Want to drop in and see them?"

"No, not now. Just wait. I'm going to conduct an experiment." It drew from the small case on the back wing a telescope-like object. Unscrewing one bug-eye it replaced it with the spyglass.

"See, an X-ray eye, for I want to see what earth-life is really like. Oh, oh, now I know Tommy's secret. Pete, she's in the kitchen now, wearing a dainty white apron, she's cooking. And she likes to cook! And here comes Gwen, in her coveralls; I think she's been under the car. Hmmm! People aren't much different from Martians. We have titles too, but it's such a game!"

"I know. We forget that we're all women and, for that matter, human."

"Yes, how human! What exciting creatures the Homo Sapiens are! What rum beings these Homos be!"

ONE ANNOUNCES NEW QUARTERLY

ONE Institute, the education division of ONE, Incorporated, recently announced publication of a magazine entitled HOMOPHILE STUDIES, ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY.

The brochure announcing this important event states: "ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY will supply serious students with a source of reference material readily available, bringing together information widely scattered through various books and journals. It will be a forum for critical analysis and discussion of current and past professional writings on the subject."

Included in the first issue will be "ONE's Encyclopedia of Homosexuality"; "The Moral Climate of Canaan in the Time of Judges" by Henry Hay; "The Failure of Gide" by Dr. Mario Palmieri; "Report of Cardinal Griffin's Committee", Roman Catholic conclusions concerning homosexuality, and "Biochemical 'Cures'", a report on recent claims.

Research projects currently under way will be reported as will be periodical literature dealing with the subject. Original contributions from the students and faculty of ONE Institute will be published as will articles and papers of other scholars.

Subscriptions are now being taken for $3.50 per year. Mail to ONE Institute, 232 South Hill St., Los Angeles 12, Calif. Single issues will be $1.00.

READERS RESPOND

"I sincerely hope that your move will entail a minimum of 'growing pains', but I believe that the maturity you will achieve thereby will be well worth the effort. I have no doubts that DOB can become a most valuable aid in public education as well as an important therapeutic aid to many 'daughters' around the world. I truly believe that the organization and publication can do more good than a hundred psychoanalysts scattered around could do."

Leo J. Zeff, Psychotherapist
Berkeley, Calif.

* * * * *

"'Your Name is Safe' was especially well put forth and the rest of the articles (in the February LADDER) were enjoyable, informative and interesting as ever. I'm always anxious to see the next issue as each one improves over the previous one.

"I received 'Gay Bar' in good condition. I am interested in several other books put out by Pan-Graphic Press.

"Carol Hales' 'Wind Woman' has appeared up here in pocket book form under the title 'Such Is My Beloved'. I've enjoyed reading it and have given away numerous copies for it has been so long since such a fine book on that subject has come out. I think that it stands along with 'The Well of Loneliness for its ideas and viewpoints on the place of the modern day woman.

"I also enjoyed reading the listing put out by Miss Bradley and I do hope that she will make it a yearly project for it certainly has a place for collectors of Lesbiana."

R.S., Winnipeg, Canada

For a copy of Miss Bradley's list of Lesbian literature send some stamps or 5¢ to Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 246, Rochester, Tex. -ED.

"Enclosed find money order to cover Associate Membership initiation fee and one year's dues. I have learned of your organization through a friend who recently sent me his copy of THE LADDER for February. Have truly enjoyed the articles in this issue, most especially the account of 'ONE Symposium: Homosexuality, a Way of Life'. Also like your book review section.

"My only regret is not being able to join you all for Gab 'n Java, etc. Do you by chance have a branch anywhere in the area of Ohio-Kentucky-West Virginia?"

J.H., Huntington, W. Va.

Not yet. Anyone interested let us know. -ED.

* * * * *

"Have just read the March LADDER. Enjoyed it fully. Hats off to Sandra Pine! 'Readers Respond is always fun to read. (A low note) I was not impressed by your fiction. In fact, tres bad. Barbara Stephens disappointed me somewhat. I've read her before and rather liked her stuff."

G.B., Hollywood, Calif.

* * * * *

"I have read your address in 'New Letters ICSE' and in German review 'Der Neue Ring'.

"I'm interested in all human problems, so I should like receive documentation concerning your association, if possible. If you have a review will you send me an issue of it? I thank you."

P.L., Paris, France

* * * * *

"My honest congratulations are offered to THE LADDER staff. I think that the format and art work in particular continue to be unusually good - almost excellent, if there is

such a thing. I offer the following criticism in good faith. Because of its general misinterpretation and frequently unpleasant connotations, I have always been averse to the term 'Lesbian', notwithstanding the fact that Webster's (Collegiate, Sixth Edition) does accord it a secondary place, i.e., acceptable usage. It would be pleasing to me, for one, if the magazine's worthwhile department called 'Lesbiana' could be given an equally worthwhile title. Even an unimaginative 'Publications' or 'Readers Read' to keep pace with 'Readers Respond', for example, would be preferable to the term in question, it seems to me."

J.S., Burbank, Calif.

What do the rest of our readers think? -ED.

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gay bar

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CONTRIBUTIONS are gratefully accepted from anyone who wishes to assist us in our work. We are a non-profit corporation working entirely on donated labor. Our fees are not of such amounts as to allow for much expansion of the publication. While men may not become members of the DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC., many have expressed interest in our efforts and our publication and have made contributions to further our work. Of course, anyone over 21 years of age may subscribe to THE LADDER.

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